

Phillips Phonograph.

DEVOTED PRINCIPALLY TO THE LOCAL INTERESTS OF NORTH FRANKLIN, ITS SUMMER RESORTS, MOUNTAINS AND LAKES.

Vol. III.

PHILLIPS, FRANKLIN CO., MAINE, TUESDAY, JULY 26, 1881.

No. 47.

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O. M. MOORE, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

An Amateur's Fishing Notes.

BY LEWIS B. REED.

Seventeen years ago The Examiner published a short series of articles descriptive of the Rangeley Lakes, and of the fishing in the headwaters of the Androscoggin in the State of Maine. At that time this region was comparatively unknown to the outside world, and only a few fishermen from Boston and New-York and other parts of the country went there. There was then a small hotel at the head of Rangeley Lake, and there was no other house for a distance of twenty-five miles down those waters except Richardson's Camp, at Indian Rock, which would accommodate about a dozen men, who had to sleep on spruce boughs on a long bunk. In 1870 this camp gave place to the large and convenient house with good beds of the Oquossoc Angling Association, which was incorporated in that year; and from that time every year has brought an increased number of visitors at the Lakes. Now a good hotel, the Mountain View House, capable of entertaining fifty guests, is beautifully situated at the foot of Rangeley Lake. Another house nearly as large is kept by Richardson on the next lake, the Mooselucmaguntic, and numerous private camps, as they are called, dot the headlands and bays of both lakes for a distance of several miles. These camps are built of logs or of plain boards, and contain one or more rooms, and are owned by private parties who occupy them for a few weeks during the fishing seasons. Now a railroad leads to Phillips, eighteen miles from Rangeley, with excellent stage communication over a good road daily to the Lake. Small steamers run up and down the lakes—guide-books and advertising cards have been published—and a trip to and through the lakes has become as easy a matter as a trip to Moosehead or the Saranacs. Fifteen years ago the

tale of catching speckled trout of six or eight pounds' weight was received by incredulous listeners as a fisherman's yarn. Now hundreds of people not only believe the yarn, but can tell it as their own experience. Then the fishermen were satisfied with a bed of balsam boughs on the ground, with a tent or a spruce bark roof over them—and were regaled by salt pork and trout as their substantial food. Now the luxurious fishermen of the Oquossoc Club sleep on good hair mattresses and spring beds in their separate rooms, and expect their filets and sirloins and breaded chops to be done to a charm, and their trout daily cooked in every style by a colored male artist who is capable of cooking for the best club in New-York. Most of us are old enough to have graduated from camps on the "cold, cold ground"—and now our comfortable quarters and our cleanly and elegant boats are sufficiently inviting to induce many of us to invite our wives and daughters to Camp Kennebago as freely as we would to the White Mountains.

My wife had wondered for years why I "would always go off to that old camp, and what there was so very fascinating in going so far after trout. Better fish, and cheaper too, could be had in Fulton Market." But last year she found out the mystery. She went with me to Camp Kennebago, as the quarters of the Oquossoc Club are called. It is needless to describe our enjoyment of the varied scenery of the Sandy River Valley—of the magnificent drive over Beech Hill, with a changing panorama of the grand mountains of Northwester Maine surrounding us—of the heaven-born lakes and of the singing streams. All this was happiness enough, even if no trout ever swam in the Androscoggin. And then when we emerged from the road or "carry" of two miles through the dense woods, and stood at Indian Rock, and the view of Camp Kennebago first struck her eyes, with its comfortable buildings and its wide green lawn sloping down to the Kennebago and Rangeley streams, the scene was as enchanting to imagination as it was expressive of comfort to the weary traveler after a day's journeying over dale and mountain.

One afternoon she yielded to my invitation to go with me in my boat to fish. Half a mile from the camp, in the narrows of the Lake, I had a favorite fishing-ground, where my guide, John Wilbur, could fasten the boat to a log that was ground in the shoal water. In the early summer the small trout—by which we mean fish from a half pound to a pound and a half—like to run in among the roots on these flats, and I have caught many of them. The larger fish keep in deeper water. From these flats the water suddenly deepens out into the channel of the Lake. It is a beautiful spot for casting, and from my boat I could command with my flies both the shallow and the deep water, and there were no overhanging trees or shrubs to catch my line. The

sun was getting low in the west. The fish were there, and were responsive to my flies. After catching several, a very vigorous pound trout sprung above water and disappeared, drawing my line heavily down, and in an instant a sudden addition to the pressure on my line convinced me that I had a prize.

"Unhitch your bow line from the log, John, and put me into the deep water and out of the bushes."

In a moment we were out in the channel, and the course of my fish to the bottom of the lake was evidence that it was a large one. My reel clicked musically as the line ran rapidly out—my eight-ounce rod bent gracefully and doubled under the pressure, and the play had fairly begun. In a few minutes I was enabled to reel in enough line to get a sight of a trout, and John exclaimed.

"It acts as if there was two of 'em."

I had already made the same discovery.

"And the big'un is below, and you ain't seen him yet. Can't you get the upper one 'longside the boat, and I'll take him in."

"Not so easy done as said, John," I replied.

But as the upper fish very much impeded the actions of the larger one, I succeeded after a few minutes' expert handling of my rod and line, in getting the upper one to the surface within John's reach, and he deftly cut the snell by which the fish was attached to the line, and with his hand took a fine pound trout into the boat. Then the other fish felt his increased freedom, and a long contest between his strength and the strength of my rod and tackle, combined with my skill ensued. Such contests are the joy and reward of the fisherman after hours of patient angling, and my wife shared the excitement equally with myself and John. It was three-quarters of an hour, and the shades of evening were beginning to darken the lake and mountains, before I successfully brought my brave and exhausted fish into the landing-net. He weighed very nearly four pounds, and was as beautiful a speckled trout in form and colors as any four-ounce trout from a White Mountain brook.

"And now," said my lady, as we rowed back to camp with our prizes, "I understand what makes you like to come here!"
—N. Y. Examiner and Enquirer.

The Mail calls the inhabitants of Waterville Watervillions. That's a new kind of onions. It probably gets that title to the Watervillions from the smell of the French inhabitants. Perhaps by any other name they'd smell as strong.—Home Journal, July 20.

The Waterville Mail uses strong language towards its townspeople. He calls them Watervillions.—Advertiser, 19th.

Why "He?" because a "Mail?"

The Waterville Mail alludes to the citizens of that pretty Kennebec town as "Watervill-onions." By any other name they would smell as sweet, unless they were called "Water-v'la'ns."—PHONO. EXTRA, 19th.

Q'ite an odor!

The "Phonograph."

- EXTRA -

Free to Phonograph Subscribers Who Pay in Advance.

Phillips, Franklin Co., Me.

Tuesday Afternoon, July 26.

O. M. MOORE, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

We Go A-Fishing.

When wearied with the toils and trials of a small country paper and a smaller and weaker Extra, we hail with fervor anything akin to a "let-up" in the daily routine of type, ink, paste and scissors, and nine times out of ten on such occasions we go a-fishing. If we lived ten or a dozen miles away in most any direction, we should naturally do our fishing nearer the neighborhood of Phillips; but for some undiscovered reason a person invariably goes "somewhere else" to do his angling, and when he strikes a pond, no matter at what point, he points his boat to the farther shore.

Our bait-box and the doctor's medicine chest rattled together in the buggy bottom as Saturday morning we scented the gamy troutlingers in the distant Sandy River Ponds. Arriving there in due season, the doctor passed on to see the sick ones at the "city." Securing a boat of Shepard and Warren, with our nose for "guide," we went hither and yon, yon and yon, thither and hither; anchored and hoisted anchor; fished with flies, fished with worms, fished with worms on our flies; caught a chub and let him remain on the hook for bait. Then we trolled. Then we took a lunch. Caught another chub, as large as a three months' old lead pencil; moved about from one pond to another, tried the deep holes and trolled and cast flies. A couple of rises—and that's all we caught, except a ducking, and we pulled ashore just as Pick was passing out. We cut our tangled rigging and took a special for home, leaving the doctor to dredge the waters for our cowl corpus at leisure.

We didn't enjoy being "skunked," and left friend George—no, he left us—at the three bridges, below Madrid, determined to save the reputation of our trout brooks or float into Phillips on a slab. After taking again to water, our first encounter was with a smart shower; but this was of no consequence to a true fish-or-man, but apparently made the rocky river bottom even more slippery if possible. As we were alone with the fishes it is needless to go to the depths in details! Our path was divergent at least—occasionally across the river then along its course; some times high and dry upon a rock, then two feet and half the body beneath the wave. The river was a little swollen, and so were we, occasionally. We were not then insured against accidents, but at times would have paid a high rate for a policy. So far away were our thoughts from fish, that when a diminutive trout whisked his tail about our flies, it started us as though the ghost of a big moose had

parted the waters at our feet. We didn't get him. At the junction of the streams we hooked a live one and landed him, contrary to our expectations. No matter his size—'twas our only trout for the day and you had better be left to imagine his proportions.

Even a professional will tire of such sport as this—in the face of an approaching thunder shower, and we struck out for the highway. If we could but have "struck out" four miles of the distance home, we should have done it, though it did materially contract some of the broad intervals. However, we reached home as the twilight deepened into gloom, and with the tired song-birds, aweary and a-wet, we went abed and asleep, catching enough "bites" in dream-land to warrant four hotels and a line of stages eternally coming in and never going out.

Saturday, the President had a relapse, caused by a chill and obstruction in the discharge of pus from the wound. Much apprehension was felt throughout the country from the fact the consulting physicians were telegraphed to go to Washington immediately. Our latest dispatches, however, indicate that the President is again doing finely. It is evident that the President is still very weak, and it is probable that the people have the impression that his improvement has been more rapid than it really has been. The love of the people for their chief magistrate was shown by their anxiety Saturday, when the reports were flashed over the country that the President was worse. Men left pleasure and business, and watched the bulletin boards as constantly and as anxiously as when the news first came that the President had been assassinated. It would not be safe to predict the President is entirely out of danger, but his condition is such that we can all hope for the best. The united prayer of the entire country is may our President be restored to health. —Journal.

The Wilton Record, in its Salutory, by Rev. Mr. Swift, has the following happy allusion to its older contemporaries and younger co-laborers:

"When a new paper with its bright type and showy pretensions offers itself to the public, every one asks what it proposes to be, and to what particular object it is to be devoted? We answer, our paper is to be devoted to the town of Wilton. It is to be a town paper—not a county paper. We have already two established political organs devoted each in its own way to the political salvation of the country. We don't want anybody to withdraw patronage from either of them to bestow it upon us. There shall not be any bickering rivalry on our part with our neighbors. We shall maintain free and friendly intercourse, claiming the privilege, accorded to the dignity of age, of acting as a kind of moderator should it seem necessary to calm any undue excitement into which either may chance to be drawn in measuring lances with each other."

The party from Bridgton, which arrived here Monday evening and stopped over Tuesday forenoon to view the Narrow Gauge, principally, and the country in general, consisted of the following persons: Messrs. E. R. Staples, Wm. A. Stevens, W. W. Cross, Geo. F. Knapp, Thos. P. Kimball, Samuel Thomas, J. H. Bennett and wife, M. Gleason and wife, E. Kimball, Geo. S. Farnsworth and Wm. F. Perry.

During last March it may be remembered that one or two gentlemen from California were viewing the Narrow Gauge, in behalf of a proposed route in that State. Mr. Mansfield has given us a pamphlet published concerning the inspection, etc., and includes the following letter by Mr. C. T. Fay, the Secretary of the Sierra Iron Company, of San Francisco. To this is added a certificate signed by officers of the road and others. He says:

"In accordance with instructions, I have visited Sandy River Valley, State of Maine, to inspect the two-foot Narrow Gauge Railroad now in operation there. I found a large body of snow upon the ground, but was informed that the road had made prompt connections with the Maine Central all through the winter. (?) To say that I am pleased with the practical workings of this 'little wonder' does not half tell the story, but I thought that testimony from those who are familiar with the operation of this road for the last fifteen months would be more satisfactory to you than a hasty opinion formed through my brief visit. I send you a certificate, signed by the President and Directors of the road, and others whose occupation is indicated therein; and I will simply add that I had a personal interview with nearly all of these subscribers, and their personal statements in detail were much more positive than the general averments made in the accompanying certificate."

THE SANDY RIVER TWO-FOOT GAUGE RAILROAD.—This very narrow gauge railroad, which was the successor of the Bedford and Billerica road—a famous road which enjoyed but a brief existence, owing to the unfortunate financial management of its owners—is now in successful operation in the valley of the Sandy river. It is 18 miles long, running from Farmington, Maine, to Phillips. The country through which it passes is not greatly developed, and its business, though increasing, is not very large, except in the summer months, when tourist travel sets in. But still the road is able to do all the business there is, and do it to the full satisfaction, not only of the projector of the idea of a two-foot gauge railroad, but of all who avail themselves of its services. It has been run about two years, and not an accident has occurred. The locomotive and tender combined weighs 13 tons, and it uses only three-fourths of a cord of wood for two round trips of 72 miles. It will take its train of nine freight cars—which is about all that the business of the country will fill—with perfect ease, and is capable of drawing much more. The road is quite a curiosity in its way, and is visited by strangers from all parts of the country, especially by those who are interested in railroading. We understand its fame has reached California, and that a railroad of similar gauge is projected as a feeder to the Central Pacific. Those papers which have been giving an annual notice of the defunct Bedford and Billerica road have only to change the locality to Maine to find a similar road in all respects, except the fact that the Sandy River road is more than twice as long as the former was. —Boston Advertiser.

Six of those who escaped death in the cyclone at New Ulm, Minnesota, have become insane. The death list is enlarging through new reports from the country and deaths of the wounded. Rebuilding is rapidly progressing.

Instructions have been issued for the close confinement of Guiteau.

Conkling Retired!

With few dissenting voices, the republicans of the country will rejoice over the election, by the New York legislature, of Miller and Lapham, two reliable republicans, who will support President Garfield, as United State Senators from the Empire State, in place of Platt and Conkling. The rejoicing, too, will extend outside of the republican party, because the spirit and methods of Conkling have been distasteful to candid men of all parties. Nothing can be clearer than that the voice of the country, as well as New York, emphatically condemned Mr. Conkling in his uncalled-for warfare on President Garfield.

While the result has on the one hand been a most emphatic endorsement of President Garfield, it has on the other hand been a most decided and humiliating condemnation of Mr. Conkling. When Conkling and Platt resigned, they had not the least doubt that the New York Legislature, a majority of whom were elected as Conkling's devoted friends, would hasten to re-elect them, and return them to Washington, strengthened by the endorsement of New York, to pursue the fight which they had determined to wage against Pres. Garfield. It was generally thought this would be the case. Conkling had even arranged to remain at Washington and receive notice of his triumphant re-election. But there at once arose such a storm of indignation among republican voters, that one by one Conkling's friends in the legislature were compelled to abandon him, and take ground against the election of any persons as senators who would not support Pres. Garfield. Then Conkling himself rushed to Albany to beseech his friends to support him. At first, Conkling might have secured a majority of the 106 republicans of the legislature, but at the close barely 20 followed his fortunes.

This victory of President Garfield over Conkling, is something more than a personal triumph. It is a triumph of the right of private judgement inside of the republican party against the dictation of any Cæsars. It is more—it is a victory of those who insist that it is the right and duty of the President, and not irresponsible "bosses," to make official appointments. It affords most gratifying evidence of the fact that the republican party is not and cannot be ruled by any "bosses," but is controlled by the independent judgment of the great body of republicans. Men who try to "boss" the party, men who in official position endeavor to use the party for selfish ends—however strong intellectually they may be, will come to grief in the republican party, and men who faithfully reflect the sentiment of the republican voters, and endeavor honestly and faithfully to discharge their duties, will receive the confidence and support of party. Nothing could have more strengthened the republican party in the minds of candid citizens, than the unhorsing of Mr. Conkling in his attempt to make himself the party "boss." —Lewiston Journal.

Prof. J. L. Morse, vice-president of Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College at Kent's Hill, has resigned his position, to accept a situation at Evanston, Illinois.

A rural exchange says: "It is almost impossible to enumerate scare-crows." Well, who wants to? Has there been a Congressional appropriation for the purpose?

Local Notes.

—The summer boarders while away the time in shelling green peas.

—The "Wilton Record," published Saturdays, has made its appearance.

—Rev. Mr. Wheelwright preached an excellent household sermon Sabbath forenoon.

—We hope the present week will give our farmers much needed and better hay weather.

—Mr. and Mrs. N.P. Brooks and child, of Brooklyn, N. Y., are spending a week at the Barden House.

—R. W. Soule and family, from Kents Hill, are visiting Phillips friends and relatives for a week or so.

—Editor Calvert, of the Lewiston Gazette, with his wife, were the guests of P. A. Sawyer, Esq., Monday.

—The Good Templars at their meeting to-night make choice of officers for the quarter commencing August 1st.

—The "go a-fishing" article was put together without the aid of pen, pencil or scissors—a sort of rambling sketch.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bonney, of Rockford, Ills., and formerly of Phillips, are visiting here with Mrs. Julia Lambert.

—A full train of passengers came up Monday evening—a party of eleven to view the Narrow Gauge, from Bridgton.

—Parties from Phillips talk of attending the meeting of the Narrow Gauge extension company, at Hallowell, next Saturday.

—Mr. Farmer, with Messrs. Brown and Brooks, from the Barden House, went to Perham Stream, Monday afternoon and captured about sixty trout.

—A. A. Robinson and Mr. George Banfield, of Boston, have recently returned from Kennebago, where they had a high old time among the trout.

—The loon which W. A. Spofford recently shot, has been nicely mounted by Lewis P. Rowe, of Madrid, and now graces an upper shelf in our office.

—Mr. Page, of the Elmwood, recently killed a duck, in the crop of which were found several grains of gold. Perhaps she was only preparing to lay a golden egg!

—It must take a deal of imagination to make a "moonlight excursion" out of a couple seated in a boat, and the craft fast to the shore, even by moonlight and up to a late hour!

—During the thunder shower this (Tuesday) forenoon the lightning entered noon, the house of Wm. Mitchell, (just above the village), by way of the chimney. It struck a little Church boy on the foot, demolishing his boot and somewhat injuring the foot.

—Sunday, while a Mrs. Knowles and a young lady named McKinney, of Freeman, were out riding, they were thrown from the wagon and Miss McKinney had one arm and a leg broken. Mrs. Knowles received no serious injury. Dr. Winter, of Phillips, and Dr. Dyer, of Farmington, set the fractured limbs.

—Remember the picnic, at Sweet's grove, to-morrow (Wednesday) afternoon, to return on the evening train. Fare, 15 cts. for the round trip. A good time is expected. The public generally are invited to attend. Should the weather be unfavorable, the excursion will be postponed until further notice.

—Bro. Whiting, do you attend the deception, Monday evening?

—The heaviest shower of the season occurred Tuesday forenoon.

—Much rain fell Monday night and Tuesday morning. Poor hay weather.

—The new Wilton Record is a good looking sheet and has ability to back it. It has a good field and only needs consistent support from those who will be benefitted by it to insure its success. We observe the first issue was dated July 24th—Sunday; but accidents will happen in the best regulated families. The PHONO. was the first exchange received by the Record. Terms \$1.00 per year.

—The Methodist society has the past week made some radical changes in the interior of their house of worship. The former arrangement of the choir gallery made a bad effect on both singers and preacher, as an echo was produced. The pulpit has now been moved down to the lower platform, while the singers occupy the former place of the pulpit. The arrangement is very tasty, and with the aid of drapery about the alcove in which they sit, with a coating of kalsomine over the whole interior, the effect would be very fine.

—Mr. Orrin Voter, of Madrid center, has shown us some apples taken from his trees, which had been severely bruised by the hail of last Wednesday. The largest of the apples are not half grown—say five inches in circumference. They are of course green and hard; still many of them were stripped from the trees and split completely open. Half of his apple crop was undoubtedly destroyed. Some of the larger apples have dents in one side into which apples of the same size fit perfectly, though of course not deeply.

The appearance of the bruised fruit and Mr. Voter's account of the storm fully corroborate our report published last Friday and telegraphed to the Associated Press. Mr. Voter alludes to the hail as "chunks of ice," and says he picked up a piece more than two inches long. The bark on the limbs of his apple trees was bruised and broken by the falling hail.

Our Farmington correspondent (Geo.) writes:

There has been great anxiety felt in regard to rumors that dispatches had been received that the President was much worse. Such dispatches are said to have been received Saturday and Sunday, but to the public nothing definite was known until Monday's newspapers were received from abroad. In this connection I will say that many of our citizens feel that some of the telegraphic dispatches, such as the company sends to its offices for the information of the public free of charge, are withheld for some reason or other. This may not be true, but a little information from the proper source might cause a better state of feeling with many of our people.

The singers in the County, as well as our town, are beginning to talk of arrangements for the fall and winter campaign. There seems to be a strong desire to lay aside the old style of singing book and take up a better class of music.

The much needed rain has come and is doing a great deal of good on our sandy laud.


One or two cases of diphtheria are reported in our village.

Many wanderers are returning for their summer vacation—too numerous to mention.

A large bear has been seen in this vicinity.

MARANACOOK TEMPERANCE CAMP-MEETING.—Every facility for the people to attend this meeting will be offered by the Maine Central Railroad. Hon. Harris M. Plaisted will deliver the opening address, at 2 o'clock, Thursday, July 28th. The meeting will be presided over by Hon. Benj. Kingsbury, of Portland; J. K. Osgood, Gen. Dow, Rev. I. Luce, Rev. Thomas Tyrie and others will be present at the opening meeting and deliver short addresses. Friday at 10.30, Hon. T. R. Simonton, of Camden, G. W. C. T., will deliver an address, and at 2 p. m., Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr. will speak on prohibition in Maine. The Reform men will hold praise meetings at 9 a. m., and 1 p. m. Saturday, Children's Day, will be a brilliant affair. The indications are that no less than 5000 children will be present. The programme will be complete and full of interest. Every facility will be offered to make the day one of unusual enjoyment for the children. On Sunday, July 31st, Francis Murphy, Mrs. Mary Hunt, of Mass., J. K. Osgood and Gen. Dow are engaged to speak. It is also expected that Gov. Long of Massachusetts, will deliver an address at 2 p. m. The grove is beautifully located, and will seat 10,000 people. The Ladies' Christian Temperance Union will have rooms on the grounds.

Established January, 1878.



Improvement January, 1880, by more than doubling the electric force.

Patented Feb. 24, 1880.

FLANIGAN'S

MINIATURE

DOUBLE GALVANIC BATTERY

The greatest scientific achievement of the age, is best known cure for Paralysis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Heart, Nerve and ALL blood diseases. It lasts a lifetime, and costs but \$1; single, or children's size, 50 cts. Sent by mail, and a safe delivery guaranteed. Circulars, with hundreds of reliable references, free. Special terms to physicians and local agents. Will reliable parties, who wish a well-paying and honorable business, call or send for agents' terms? J. E. FLANIGAN & CO., Inventors, manufacturers, and sole proprietors, 89 Court Street, Boston, over Oriental Tea Store. A cure guaranteed in all cases, or no pay. Female weakness a specialty. Ladies in attendance. Consultation Free. 8m35*

P. S.—Beware of frauds. Paper was never known to refuse ink. Every cheap imitation is but an emphatic endorsement of the genuine article. Investigate before purchasing. Be sure you get the Patent Double Battery.

O. M. Moore, Agent, Phillips.

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For training in the best methods of primary teaching. Excellent Library and Apparatus. Tuition free.

For information address the Principal.

45tf C. C. ROUNDS.

Dissolution of Copartnership

THE copartnership heretofore existing under the firm name of Holt & Kirtledge, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will hereafter be conducted by the subscriber.

Weld, Me., July 14th, 1881. 3t*46

Farmers Attention

New Model

BUCKEYE

MOWER!

Delano Improved,

Tiger! Cleaner

and Thomas

HORSE RAKES

HAYING TOOLS!

Of Every Description.

Solid STEEL SCYTHES.

W. F. FULLER.

The May School.

The Misses May have decided to move their school from Farmington to Strong.

FALL TERM commences Tuesday, Sept. 6th, and continues 12 weeks.

TUITION, from 40 to 60 cts. per week.

BOARD in the family of the Principal on reasonable terms.

PUPILS expected to attend the whole term.

For further particulars address
Miss J. H. May,
7146 Farmington, Maine.

PHOTOGRAPHS!

ROBERTS & TILTON'S

Photo. Saloon,

In Phillips for a short time only.

ROBERTS & TILTON, Photographers, having entered into co-partnership, will continue to do business at the stand over the Old Post Office, Main St., Farmington, and will also run a Photographer's Saloon which will be removed from town to town in the Northern part of the County this season, for the convenience of those persons who would like to have first-class Photographs taken in their own town. Under this new arrangement we are enabled to do more and better work than heretofore. Prices Reasonable; work warranted. Your patronage is solicited. The saloon will be in charge of Mr. Roberts, and Mr. Tilton will be at the Farmington rooms. 3t45

R. L. ROBERTS, G. W. TILTON.

NOTICE.

BEING in town for a week or ten days, I desire all indebted to me to call and settle. At expiration of that time, all accounts will be left with a lawyer for collection.

1t46* CHAS. H. KIMBALL.

Phillips, July 22, 1881.

Charles H. Vining, Wholesale Dealer in Wool, Hides and Skins. Office in store formerly occupied by J. W. Porter. 6m31

Strong, Me., April 3, 1880.

100 Casks First Rate Lime.

For Sale by SEWARD DILL.

Letter from Rangeley Lakes.

RANGELEY ME. July 20th 1881.

Dear Phono.—How would you like an occasional communication from some sojourner at Rangeley who does not care much for fishing, but employs most of his time in wandering around and gossiping with anyone he comes across? The idea happening to strike said person that the gossip which he picked up might be of interest to some of your numerous subscribers who have made visits to this region, he immediately sat down, took his 'pen in hand,' scratched his head, and you will have found out the result of said scratching when you finish reading this—his first effort.

Well, to begin, the travel to this region, so far the present month, has been, as usual, light. July is decidedly the "dull month" of the season here and yet it is one of the pleasantest. The first of August brings the crowd of summer boarders, gentlemen who are not as enthusiastic over fishing as those who come early in the season, but who have their wives and children with them and are here mostly for the invigorating air and splendid scenery. The hotels have not degenerated during the long winter, but each proprietor seems to be alive to the interests of the traveling public and bound to have his share of it.

Mr. and Mrs. Esty still reside at the Greenvale House, with Mrs. Thompson, who for several years has had charge of the cuisine, and are ready to welcome the tourist for either a long or short stay and do their best to make him happy. Mr. Esty, who was somewhat injured in the recent accident at the new church is rapidly recovering.

Next in order, the Rangeley Lake House is this year entertaining its usual large number of guests. Following the example set by your "Elmwood", the proprietor has obtained a colored cook and we think the most fastidious can find no fault with the table. Besides the usual large number who daily dine at this hotel, travelers on the way to Kennebec and hotels farther down the lakes, there are this year a good many regular boarders and we are informed that last night every room was filled. Mr. Burke, the genial proprietor, spent last winter in Florida, for his health, and actually seems to be growing young again, so much good did it do him. He is assisted by Mr. Bernard Vaughn, who well understands how to make the guests comfortable.

The Oquossoc House, of which Mr. and Mrs. George Oakes have charge, we have not as yet visited this year, but with Mrs. Oakes' well-known reputation as a caterer to the wants of the inner-man, we think there is no doubt but what it will fully keep up its enviable reputation of past years.

About forty are at Kennebec at present, "and still there's more to follow," More ladies go to Kennebec each year and fully appreciate the view of primitive nature here obtained.

Mr. and Mrs. Kimball are at the Mountain View House as usual with Mrs. Ellis, of Wilton, who was also at this house three years ago, as cook. Mrs. Kimball in unable to do her usual amount of work this season on account of a sprained wrist which has troubled her since the accident last fall, but has general charge of the work going on in the house which is sufficient proof that all will go well. Mr. Kimball, being unable to buy the land on

which the hotel stands, did not make the addition which he contemplated last fall, but a former visitor will see that he has by no means been idle during the past winter. At present only a few are staying here, but several different parties are expected soon and the house will probably be filled from the first of August till the close of the fishing season.

We visited Indian Rock yesterday, but found that none of the members were there. Mr. Packard the new superintendent is spoken well of, as is also Mr. Williams, the steward.

The Mooselucmeguntic House we have not yet visited, but shall do so soon. It is sufficient for the traveler to know however that Mr. C. T. Richardson, the former well-known superintendent of the O. A. A., is at the head of the establishment, to be sure of being well taken care of.

There, haven't we said about enough? There are stories which we might have told about the recent catches, had we thought of this letter when we heard them, and made "a note on't," but if we are well-treated this week we will endeavor to send you more notes from our memorandum book, and other items of interest. Bidding you good-bye, we remain your friend,

R.

The Santa Cruz (Cal.) Sentinel has the following news item, regarding Mr. J. D. Esty, who a year ago left Phillips for Soquel, Cal.:

"A man named Frank Brown, on Wednesday last, entered the residence of J. D. Esty, below the town of Soquel, while the occupants were out, and took a gold watch and silver spoons therefrom, with the owner's name engraved on them. Mr. Esty having occasion to go to the house, found several things displaced, and knowing that his wife had not returned, looked around and found his watch gone, but made no further search. He harnessed his horse to a wagon and started to Soquel after Constable West, and these two overhauled the thief before going far. When Brown was accused of taking the things he did not deny the charge, but produced the articles."

In one week from that time, Brown was sent to jail for one year.

AN INCIDENT OF 1856.—"The Class of 1856, of which President Garfield was a member," says the *Observer*, "had a gathering at this commencement. In a meeting to pray for the President's recovery, one of his classmates rose and said: 'Twenty-six years ago to-night, and at this very hour, our class were on the top of Graylock to spend the night of the Fourth of July. As we were about to lie down for sleep, Garfield took out his pocket testament and said: 'I am in the habit of reading a chapter every night at this time with my mother. Shall I read aloud?' All assented, and when he had read he asked the oldest member of the class to pray. And there in the night, on the mountain top, we prayed with him for whom we have assembled to pray."

Brick Pomeroy says some very good things, among which we class the following, among which we but a very few people in this section of the universe: "Many who are benefited by the paper being published in their town will sponge its reading in a store and let their families go without or borrow it from a neighbor, while they neglect to give the paper any support. Yet if anything occurs they are interested in it, whether it is a personal or a puff, and they are ready to blame the editor for its shortcomings and take it as a matter of course that he must do all possible to sustain the reputation of the town and the people in it, while they refuse to either assist or encourage him by giving him their patronage."

A woodman employed on the Hell Gate improvements, has sued General Newton for \$50,000 damages for injuries received by a mass of rocks falling on him.

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- V. To make \$1 and a friend is better than to make \$5 only, and 1000 books sold at a profit of \$1 each give a profit of only \$1000, while 1,000,000 books sold at a profit of 1 cent each give a profit of \$10,000; and it is more pleasure as well as more profit to sell the million.

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